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1918

To my father and mother, Amos Ingalls Withey and Mary Jane Withey this book is respectfully dedicated.

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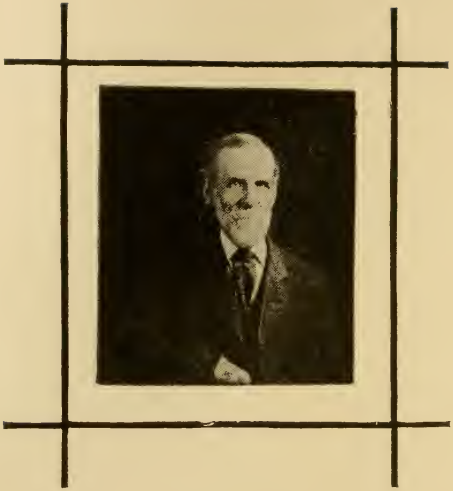
by J. F. Withey



# MORE FISH STORIES.

NO. 2. ALL TRUE

WITH

## POEMS

OF A FISH FLAVOR.

ILLUSTRATED.

J. FRANKLIN WITHEY.

J. FRANKLIN WITHEY,

BOSTON. LOS ANGELES.

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no 1

## MRS. WHALE'S SELECT EXCURSION TO FRANCE—THE PARTY OF THE SAINTS

Mrs. Whale had been doing transport duty and freighting for the government to such an extent that she had accumulated a large sum of money. She thought it her duty to serve her country in some way, not only as a return favor but to advance the cause of liberty throughout the world. She also realized that in order to do her duty she should use what had been given her, both in money and her special capacity for the service. She planned an excursion of which she would bear the whole expense, the objective point being the part of France where our brave boys are fighting for equal rights of all mankind. Mrs. Whale was aware of the fact that before the war people of means and social standing were in

the habit of visiting Europe. This had mostly stopped and she realized that these very people were desirous of still going if they could go under protection, totally without danger to themselves. She realized that in herself and what she had at her command she could perform this duty. She was totally under water all the time, was provided with specially God-given eyes that could see a long distance under water and see the appproach of submarines. She could change her course and with her capacity for speed outdistance them or could provide herself with artificial means to protect herself. She planned a select party mostly with a few others that were necessary on such occasions. She selected people from Washington and New York. She prepared a proper form of invitation, and this was it:

**My Valued Friend**

Realizing that you are one of a number of persons who have overexerted themselves in the service of the conduct of the war and the cause of liberty, I feel it my duty to relieve you of the burden. I have planned, free of all expense to you, an excursion to France where our brave boys are now fighting. The date of starting is September 28, 1918, and from a point in New York of which you will be notified later on. Please consider this as your invitation to be one of the party. Please notify me if you accept the invitation, as I am somewhat short of inside space for people as well as their belongings and necessary provisions for the maintenance of life.

MRS. VIRGINIA WHALE.

The following named persons received

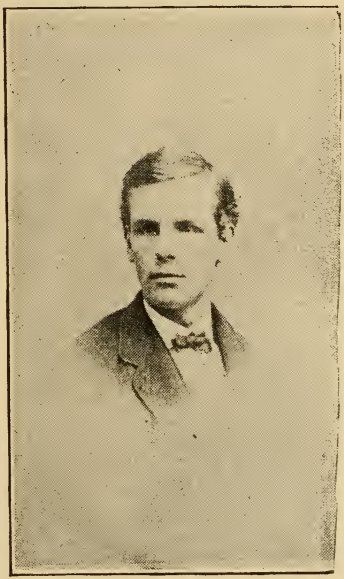
these invitations: Mr. Charles John Jones, an employee of the Pension Department in Washington, together with his wife and boy, eight years of age. All the parties without an exception accepted with proper reasons for their desire to go as well as their duty to thesmselves physically. Mr. Jones' arduous duties in the office on account of extra requirements of the war had undermined his health, but not being possessed of means he was unable to provide himself with vacation advantages. He received a large salary but on account of home expenses his money was always dropping from his possession. He considered this as symptoms of dropsy and thought it his duty to accept. His wife thought the same. The boy was called by people generally Bobby Jones. A senator from one of the northwestern states was invited to-

gether with his son, a lad eighteen years of age. The senator's wife had died a year ago. The senator was a fluent speaker and had been very instrumental in the carrying through of many war measures. Mrs. Whale had taken so much interest in who should be invited and accepted that she delivered some of the invitations personally. She swam up the Potomac in front of the capitol grounds to do the same. The one to the senator was one of them. At the time he received the invitation from her he could barely speak above a whisper. This he considered as symptoms of throat and lung disease and accepted at once. His son considered it his duty to go to protect and help his father. This son had become a fluent speaker and also was possessed with the idea that he had the proper idea of the requirements of the present war

and he alone could apply proper remedies and bring about speedy beneficial results and permanent peace.

There was a man employed in the patent office who once invented a suspender button. Not being of a business turn of mind and miscalculating the financial advantages from the sale of the article he became embarrassed. His friends came to his rescue and secured him a situation in the patent office. Although Mrs. Whale had no use for suspender buttons she became intangled in his affairs. She invited him to her quarters and presented him with an invitation. He blushed profusely, turned unusually red in the face, so much so that she spoke about it. He considered it as symptoms of scarlet fever, and accepted with a profusion of thanks. When passing down the Potomac Mrs. Whale could hardly keep her

eyes off the capitol building—could hardly swim straight. There was a man employed in the department of submarine construction. His time was employed on vessels of submarine nature so much so that he was always in the presence of an unusual quantity of water. He became afflicted with head trouble. He considered that he had symptoms of water on the brain. He accepted the invitation and delivered his own acceptance personally to Mrs. Whale, handing it to her from the wharf. He looked tired and she almost upset the arrangement between them by offering him a glass of water. Returning to New York she was at anchor although not needing an anchor at a wharf near the financial and business district. There was a man to whom she sent an invitation of whom she had bought a large number of Liberty



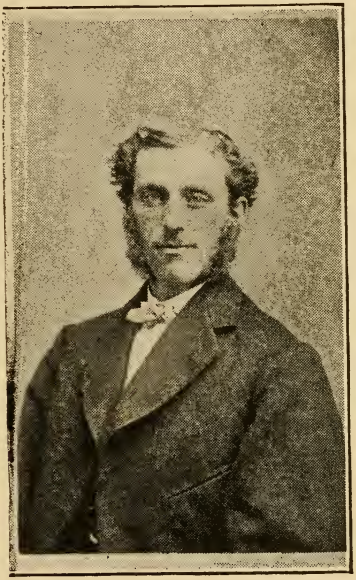
The Senator's Son,

know them from youth being agreeable and interesting neighbors. The man was always so close a friend that he got in the habit of borrowing five dollars of her and returning it to her in a few days. In a day or two he would return and borrow the same five dollars. His calls were so often that he was always owing her five dollars. She considered it a pleasure to do it. The wife was a good motherly old soul and took special delight in cooking for her husband. His business was light expressing to and from the city. He would make about six trips a day and one of his peculiar habits was to have a meal after each trip. A conversation with them was a source of pleasure to the caller, young or old. Mrs. Whale was determined that they should have the time of their lives and an invitation was given them. They accepted it

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons.

and their son had it glassed and framed. Their names were Johnathan and Susan Parsons.

To give a religious tone to the party Mrs. Whale sent an invitation to an old Presbyterian minister who used to preach in New York. After passing the prime of life in which to serve to advantage in that capacity he came to a sailor bethel on the water front to preach. This was where Mrs. Whale came to become acquainted with him and used to lay alongside of his bethel and listen to his sermons. She used to enjoy his sermon founded on the occasion of the Saviour feeding the multitude with loaves and fishes. Not being in a very strong condition mentally to prepare sermons he used to preach this sermon once a month. Mrs. Whale was always on hand and always promptly on time. Mrs.



the Organist.

Whale though that a doctor was of the utmost necessity and engaged a gentleman who had always attended her when she had swallowed a fish hook or anchor—in short she considered him her family doctor and whether disabled or taken sick in any part of the globe she knew where to find him. She had never been able to have a telephone connection with him when on the water but was equipped with wireless apparatus. She could connect with him when taken sick even on the coast of Europe and he would be ready to attend to her on her arrival is less than an hour.

There were persons who desired to go but Mrs. Whale did not consider them desirable. There was an old lady who was the widow of a dry goods dealer who asked to go. She spent her time riding and shopping for rare dry goods and such things.

She never appeared but what she was carrying a pet poodle dog in her arms or dragging it along the sidewalks. She always was preparing for it rare dishes. It was very fond of fish and a combination in which fish was used. It liked fish spawns. This did not appeal to Mrs. Whale's feelings so that it was not her heart's desire for her company. She declined to give her an invitation. Mr. Parsons was a great lover of cats, owning generally about six. Mrs. Whale hated to disappoint him in his request to take a cat on board, but she told him why she refused the lady with the dog. She remembered her experince when swimming along the New England coast and seeing a number of cats feeding on the beach. She remembered their propensity to get at the inside of them. Mrs. Whale did not want to lead them into temp-

tation.

There was a man who came to her with tears in his eyes and told her of the way he had been victimized by promoters. He had been possessed of a fortune and was induced to put it into a large apartment store in the suburbs of New York. He failed to receive patronage and by degrees the stock was sacrificed. He stated his case and in tears exclaimed, "You know the rest." Mrs. Whale said, "Yes, and you need it. But you are too late." He said if she was in want of sleeping arrangement as a reason for refusal, he had taken in his business as an inducement to obtain trade a large number of postage stamps—in fact enough to fill a mattress. As he was an Englishman and desired to return home and not come back she realized that the stamps would be of great use to her and

her guests. She gave him accommodations near the post office department on the floor where he could place his mattress where it was easy of access and he could help in the post office. He was a great talker with a long tongue and could lick stamps.

A gentleman came to her claiming to be a noted astronomer but in reality was only a star gazer. She was under water most of the time and she could not see how she could accommodate him in his requirements without cutting extra holes in her back for him to gaze out of and see the planet Mars and others. She was opposed to having her back all marred up or any other part of her person. She refused him and to pacify him bought a costly spy glass adapted to field work or night gazing. This did not suit him so she exchanged it

for a powerful field glass that would take in long distances even under water. The hotel proprietor of the hotel where he had stayed for years informed him he could sit on the wharf and watch the saints party almost to Europe as they went away.

There were over nine hundred mothers who requested the privilege of going to visit their sons on the fields of France. They invariably said they desired to carry them mince pies. She explained to them that it would be impossible to do it but she would take their pies with a kind note attached. Every person who had an invitation was provided with a ticket to prevent confusion on the day of starting. $t read:

"Admit one person to the confidence and bosom of Mrs. Virginia Whale, Sept. 28th, 1918, at 9 o'clock sharp."

The day and hour of sailing arrived. The nine hundred and over mothers with their pies were wholly in the way of invited guests and police were required to keep the gangplank clear. I cannot give the contents of the notes on each pie but will give two of them that impressed me:

"My son, you are the apple of my eye,
I send to you my best mince pie."

"I would like to you this pie to take,
It is the best that I could make.
It has no cider in it, my dear boy,
But there are raisins in it."

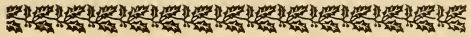
As they were passing up the gangplank Bobby Jones was between his mother and father, each having hold of a hand. Bobby wanted to look in every direction, consequently he stumbled and in his effort to

recover himself broke away from his father's grasp and his mother, retaining her hold, they plunged together into the crowd of excursionists, knocking the minister in his feeble condition into many others who were confirmed invalids for the time being. This did not get him into the good graces of the company to start with. The doctor inquired if anybody was hurt and displayed his medicine chest to good advantage. There was no other mishap and Mrs. Whale's face was full of smiles as a fish can only be who is doing its duty with no opposition and swimming under its own will power.

The help employed by Mrs. Whale consisted of a cook and assistant, a table waiter and an assistant, who was a colored man. Mrs. Whale neglected to provide music so that the only instrument aboard was a banjo that belonged to the colored waiter,

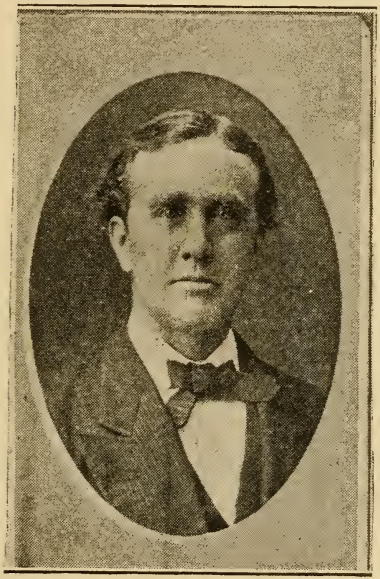
a trombone that belonged to the assistant cook who could play a few notes when called for, and Bobby Jones' drum. The first meal was at 2 o'clock. When all were seated the minister was requested to ask a blessing. He was somewhat frustrated as well as honored to do so before so distinguished an assembly that he pronounced the benediction instead. Bobby Jones' father had not been in the habit of asking a blessing at his own table but was a church attendant. Bobby always went with him and always noticed that when the benediction was pronounced it was time to go home. On this occasion he thought the excursion had been given up and they were going to return home. He was so disappointed that he began to cry. The people tried to explain to him and his mother shook him, but to no purpose until the doc-





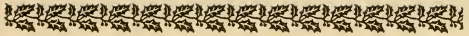
tor came to the rescue. Thinking that the people would be liable to overeat and would need his services he prepared some pills as big as marbles which he named "Dr. Newcomb's First Relief Gems." They were colored red. He gave Bobby five of them—that quieted him at once. The pies were stored quite near Mrs. Whale's head and it threw her kind of out of balance so that she pitched forward in such a way that it retarded her somewhat, but she was a proud fish and held her head up in the air or rather up in the water. This was a benefit to her as she could look ahead much better.

When about five hundred miles out at sea she observed a submarine headed directly for her. She gave a quick turn and was off in another direction with such speed that she outdistanced the submarine



The New York Broker,

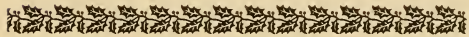
that gave chase seven hundred miles in one hour. When nearing the English coast instead of being afraid of bombs or torpedoes she swam among them and allowed the party to observe and examine them. The party become quite conversational and old Mr. Parsons was much pleased to tell his express business experience during the time of the Civil War. Mrs. Parsons was a picture of enjoyment when seated by his side on such occasions. Though Mr. Parsons was not a religious man he enjoyed exchanging religious theories and ideas with the minister. This was an enjoyable entertainment for all parties. The people notwithstanding their symptoms of disease were all goood feeders but none could compare with Bobby Jones. A bowl of anything that was given him was out of sight instantly. The waiter realized it. One day



at the table he told his father he had seen a lot of pictures of the trenches with the soldiers in them and he knew what they were. "I know what trench means, papa, but what does retrench mean?" His father was trying to explain when the waiter came along. Touching him on the shoulder he exclaimed, "Eat less soup."

An evening's entertainment was planned by the senator's son to enable him to not only show his ability and tell what he knew about the conduct of the war, but to give his father a chance of the same kind. Mr. and Mrs. Parson were given seats on the platform with others, while the assistant cook and colored waiter were prominent with trombone and banjo. The minister was asked to make a few opening remarks. He was glad to see everybody present and congratulated them on their privilege of

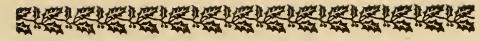




being one of so distinguished a party—a heaven born opportunity. The senator's son introduced his father, saying that they would not have had the opportunity but for him, the circumstances being brought about by his untiring efforts as a member of Congress. The senator had reçovered from his throat trouble and was at his best. He gave a list of the measures he had introduced in Congress which would not have been passed but for him. As he sat down the people clapped , the trombone was operated giving blast after blast, the banjo got to going at such a rate that it could hardly be stopped while Bobby Jones beat his drum. Mr. Parson desired to say amen but his wife said it wouldn't be proper. The next on the program was a declamation by Bobby Jones. He recited that speech that was given by one of the lords in parlia-

ment before the Revolution. His mother fixed him up as mothers only can and he thrilled the audience as he exclaimed with boyish enthusiasm: "Let us retract while we can, not when we must."

One of the boys who received a pie.

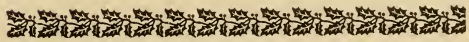


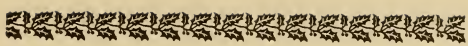
His father thought that as long as he was dressed for the occasion, and there was such an encore, that he had better recite the speech of Patrick Henry. But the cook kind of thought he was too full for utterance, and his mother, when she thought of the words, "Give me liberty or give me death," thought he was too young to die. The colored waiter was induced to render a song of his own, with banjo accompaniment. This was it:

**Georgie Home**

I am thinking tonight of my sunkist Georgia home,
Where I libed with Liza many years.
While the music of the banjo is floating on the air
I can't help the gushing of the tears.
While thinking of the possums that have lost their lives for me,



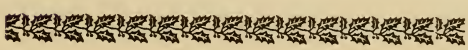




And Liza's home cooking of the hoe cake,
I just tells the cook how much I'm surely
gone on him,
And praises up the things he likes to
make.

I'm thinking of those children, just five in
all of them,
With their ever bright and shining eyes.
I's thinking of the heaps of things they is
a-eating,
'Lasses, cookies and lots of punkin pies.

And when the war is ended and I've stopped
the Kaiser
From a-doing what he thought he'd
please,
I'll be just happy then a sitting down, I'm
thinking,
With all those children a-sitting on my
knees.



The senator's son now took the opportunity to address the assembly, and said: "My American friends, I am glad to stand before you and call your attention to what my father has done in congress, and to tell you what I am able to do for the proper conduct of the war, and how to bring it to an end on a lasting and solid basis. For the encouragement of the brave boys in the field I have composed some verses for them as a war song.

**"Down on the Kaiser"**

"There are all kinds of people in the world,
Grom millionaire to hoarding miser,
But every one of them, it seems to me,
Just now is down upon the Kaiser.
"Oh, we will make the Kaiser squirm,
He will be sorry and be wiser,
But we'll keep on fighting though,
For we're down upon the Kaiser.

"I even have a crowing rooster
That's an overgrown big sizer,
But he keeps on crowing all the time,
For he's down upon the Kaiser.

CHORUS:

"Then keep the ball a-rolling, boys,
For Woodrow Wilson's our adviser;
We'll give that German all he wants,
For we're down upon the Kaiser.

**"The Kaiser's Gun"**

"The Kaiser manufactures guns
That seem to pull the world apart;
He thinks he's going to keep it up,
And thinks he's even very smart.
"But there be a time to come when
There's not a shotgun to him name;
But that won't be the people's fault,
He'll be the only one to blame.

**"The Kaiser's Dog"**

"The Kaiser even has a dog

That barks at every one;
He also wants to bite so bad
He'll even bite a smoking gun.

"He loves to bite the children
And hear their cries and moans;
To leave them torn and bleeding,
He gnaws the soldiers' bones.

"He roams about all through the night
To find a Belgian hare that's free,
And chases him till he is sore
And almost dead, is said to be.

"The Kaiser'll have to pay the bill,
And pay it all himself alone;
Will have to pay for homes destroyed
And for each life will he atone.

"We're bound to make him bend the knee
And do what we shall say;

H's tried to have his way so long
There is no other earthly way.
"So let's set the bonds a-floating,
And pour the soldiers in so fast,
He'll give it up the sorry job
And so surrender all at last.

"I have also prepared some verses that should inspire every American heart."

As the senator's son sat down the great organ pealed forth with the strains of "America," and the people retired to their apartments. Mrs. Whale slept soundly.

On the second Sunday religious services were held, conducted by the minister, with the assistance of the able organist. The organist when playing the voluntary could not restrain himself from branching from religious strains of music to strains from "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America." The minister offered a prayer for every person in the world, including Mrs.

Whale and her relatives, and made a special pleading for the soldiers and the folks that were left at home. He read appropriate passages of Scripture. He selected his text from the fourth chapter of St. Mathew, 19th verse, a selection that he thought would be to the liking of Mrs. Whale—"I will make you fishers of men." He preached a sermon received by all in a good spirit, and the following hymn was sung by the congregation:

**Hymn**

The God of battles reigns supreme upon his
throne,
He aids the soldier on the field of battle,
Sustains the mother in the anguish of her
home—
His voice is heard above the cannon's
rattle.

He shields the boys from all the daily

dangers,
From the temptations leading them to sin;
Keeps them joyous and contented when on duty,
Keeps them strong for noble victories to win.

He helps all people who live upon this globe,
Embues his Holy Spirit in their lives;
He is the Everlasting Father to all the world,
He hears the prayer of him who daily strives.

The benediction was pronounced and the organ was played for an hour and a half. Each person, much to satisfaction of the organist, shook him by the hand, and Mrs. Whale frippered him on the back.

The party arrived on the coast of France and Mrs. Whale entered one of the trnches

running down to the sea. It was an enthusiastic reception and the boys were wild with excitement as they broadened and deepened the trench, allowing the water to enter, and removing every barrier that would prevent Mrs. Whale's easy passage. She passed thousands of people gathered on the banks and arrived at the nearest point to the German lines, where an extra width was provided, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Whale. The boys had come hundreds of miles to receive the party and stood by thousands and thousands to receive them. It was a glorious sight as the party crossed an open field bearing in their arms the pies, there being nine to each person. Mrs. Whale kept her flag floating at top mast and continued spouting water all the time, making a fountain of sparkling water while they crossed the sunny fields of happy France. Each boy displayed a flag con-

tributed by allied powers. The senator's son tok the opportunity to address them in glowing language. The cook, realizing that he had been relieved of a large amount of cooking by the gift of the pies, composed some lines, which he gave to the speaker to read. He gladly read:

"Dear boys, who fight the battles of your lives,
We bring to you a lot of choice supplies.
With generous thoughts we bring them,
Accept our thanks, receive these pies."

The boys could hardly contain themselves and broke out with the rally song:

**Rally Song**

We're going to shoot the Kaiser with a gun, with a gun,
Going to chase him, make him run, make him run,
Make him sorry for what he's done, what he's done,

Then we'll come marching home.

First we'll take him singly, one by one, one by one;
Then pounce on him together, every mother's son, mother's son.
He'll think his time has come, time has come,
Then we'll come marching home.

After enjoying the company of the boys as long as they could remain off duty, the company returned to Mrs. Whale's warm embraces and commenced backing down the trench to its outlet to the sea. The German's mistook it as a retreat of the Americans, and poured out of their trenches and bore down on Mrs. Whale, there being over a thousand in the assaulting party. This was a sorry mistake for them. The American soldiers repulsed them and they were driven back with such disastrous results

that none were able to return but a drummer boy. All the papers in Paris gave an account of it the next day, and every newsboys made sums of money ranging from ten dollars up. The event was chronicled in the archives of France and given a place beside the account of Lafayette's visit to this country after the revolution. It strands in history as the Battle of the Saints.

Crossing the ocean on their return, a committee was chosen to prepare some resolutions. They were the following:

Whereas, Mrs. Whale has a generous heart; whereas, she is a good swimmer; whereas, she is a lavish and willing provider, employing the best of help; whereas, she is a good spouter, always being cool and calm; resolved, that Mrs. Whale is all right; and, resolved, that we return to her our thanks, wishing her a long life and her presence on a similar occasion. A copy of

these resolutions, glass and framed in reflecting glass, and placed in such a position near the eyes of Mrs. Whale that while always looking forward, her eyes rested upon them. Thus ended the Party of the Saints.

## A WAR INCIDENT

One afternon I wandered into Westlake Park and sat down on the bank of the lake, and was watching the fish swimming about, when a young lady came along and sat down upon one of the seats. She took a box of stationery out of a bag that she had and began to write a letter. I was sitting quietly, enjoying myself when I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but when I awakened the young lady had gone. She left a piece of paper lying on the bench and I picked it up. There being no one in sight to claim it, I looked at it and commenced to read it. This was what it said:

"Dear George: This is the fifth letter I have written you in four days. Grandma has gone to sleep in the house across the street, so I thought I would write a letter

to you before she woke up. I bought a book yesterday to send you, called "Uncle Frank's Fish Stories." It told about a party that went to visit you soldier boys in France. It was a funny book. The party went in a whale's belly, a great big one. It was a select party. There were over 900 soldiers' mothers who wanted to go, but there wasn't room, but they let them send a mince pie a piece to a soldier. I wish I had known it, you would have had the biggest, best and sweetest mince pie you ever had. So to make up for it, I am going to send you the book, and grandma and I together are making you a box of nice candy with lots of different kinds in it, to send with this book. You can sit by yourself and read and eat the candy. I wouldn't be giving any of it to those French girls that come around your camp. I wouldn't have much to do with them, they are kind of

flirty, so folks tell me. I had an invitation to go to a dance last night, but there wasn't anybody going that I like as well as you, so I stayed at home with grandma. She is awful good to me, and says she hopes she will live until the war is over and you come home and get married to me. She thinks there is nobody like you. I think she has waked up by this time and I must hurry to the house. Good-bye.

Your

DAISY.

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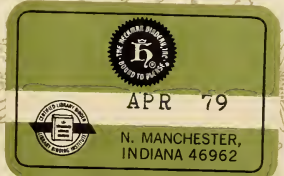

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